

# The Democratic Pioneer.

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POE. RY.

ART GROWING OLD MY  
MOTHER.

BY LILY LEE.

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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1857.

J. B. GODWIN, EDITOR.

NO. 3.

colar piles driven into the water, and a number of planks laid down from them to the land. A little later had been erected close to the port, and here Peter would take his glass of grog and his pipe, and spreading himself out in a leather cushioned arm-chair, would gaze upon the water in the direction of the capital of the state of New York. Once a month a meth- odical schooner would, about two o'clock on the first day of the month, come in sight, and wind and weather permitting, and about three would moor alongside the wharf, with the most pains-taking punctuality. But Andrew Brock was even a more just- minded Dutchman than Peter Von Biscoff. He was never known to hurry himself, or to be behindhand, when he could help it. He could not be induced to understand why wind and tides should ever vary, or at all events should not be perfectly regu- lar in their variations. And yet if the wind was against him, Andrew took it quietly; he was not like an English read- cap of a sailor, going to bother himself with beating up the channel against the wind, weeping out ship and tackle, but waited until he could sail in a reasonable and unobtrusive manner, in his usual course, with his usual sail set. He brought Von Biscoff his letters, his supplies of tea, sugar and tobacco; and took away bacon and corn, and corn and tobacco and other things which the Dutchman grew; and now and then the schooner brought a Dutch paper, which delighted the owner of New Rotterdam for months, year, even years. A whole week did it take Andrew Brock to load and unload, with the assistance of his crew and the assistance of his well fed negroes of the establishment. But Mein Herr never grumbled. He had some to drink with him, to smoke with him, and to sit with him. Not that Captain Brock sat down before him they ever re- ceived him to any greater exchange of in- telligence than a few remarks relative to the Holland or the tobacco. But then there is a social duty in company which Von Biscoff was on such occasions eminently happy.

For some years previous to the com- mencement of our narrative, Von Biscoff received every month by the hand of Andrew Brock a letter of some pages in length, written in a clear handwriting, but with all the delicacy and elegance of ac- countant's hand style. Peter looked at them gravely, and with some little alarm, and at length found courage to open them. He read them with a solemn countenance, but with tears glistening in his eyes, and always ending up his reading with an an- swer next time. But though Peter could write with facility at invoice or a business letter, an epistle which dealt in sentiment and feeling was something out of the way, and required consideration. And so Peter went on considering it three years, and little Katharine, the author of the despatches in question, received no other reply to her passionate outbursts of child day save proud to write next time, and words and hands are presents.

Katharine is eighteen, she says, ex- claimed Andrew Brock one day, taking his pipe away from his mouth for a minute, and thinks it time she should come home.

"Eighteen?" replied Peter, opening his little eyes to their extreme width, and looking in truth unutterable things—"Eighteen!" Her mother was married at that age.

"I'll marry her," said Andrew Brock gravely. "She is pretty, and as lively as a kitten."

"Ah!" responded Peter, without notice- ing the off of his shipper's lively! "But I like her mother, I suppose. These English have quicksilver in their veins. But she is a woman now she must come home."

"Give me the order to rectify her," con- tinued Captain Brock, who understood clearly that at his overtures were rejected for the present, and like his patron, was not inclined to waste words in explanation.

Mein Herr did all that was necessary; sent the money for her schooling, a female servant to accompany her, and two lines to his daughter requesting her to come home, and declaring himself very glad to see her. There was a little hypocrisy in each of them. The father felt considerable uneasiness about the matter. During the two years that his young English wife had lived his life had been miserable. She was a joy- ous, young, merry thing; who would have given out much happiness to any man, who could have appreciated her. She was al- ways singing, dancing, or running about. She could never stand still, and the meth- odical Dutchman was miserable. Worst of all, she made him laugh, and that made his stomach ache, his sail, which was as alarming symptom of future illness. About a year after giving birth to a lovely child, Mary Biscoff was drowned while crossing over to New Rotterdam. She was standing on the taffrail, trying in her girlish way to catch a glimpse of a large fish by the side, when her foot slipped, overboard she went, and being swept away by the rapid current, was seen no more.

The next evening the bereaved husband sat in his bower thinking of the sudden loss he had sustained of one he had loved with all the love of which he was capable.

"Mein Gott," he cried aloud, "I am very sorry. But there is comfort in all things; I shall be quiet now. What a pity she was so lively! But she would have killed me; so I suppose it is all for the best."

Was it the wind or was it a sigh that made the Dutchman start? But though he rose and looked around he saw nothing. But his unfeeling speech had sufficient effect on his feelings to make him believe that the ghost of his drowned Mary had re- proached him in his gentle way. This belief made him turn to little Kate with sorrowful love. But soon he could not bear the sight of her. Before a week the memory of the winsome ways, the pleas- ant smile, the joyous laugh of his char- ming wife had melted the heart of the young Dutchman, and Peter would willingly have once more lost all his peace and tranquil- lity to have been teased even into leanness

by his pretty Mary. But it was too late. The water yielded not up its dead, and Kate was sent to nurse, and after that to school.

Some years beyond this, Peter, whose ruling passion was money, was accosted by a strange sailor, who made him a propo- sition. What it was no man ever knew. But Peter grew suddenly wealthy, lent money to all who needed it, retired from business, and took up his residence at New Rotterdam. For some years he seemed far from happy, he was always on the look-out, as if for some one. But by de- grees, as no one came, he grew easier in his mind, and at last seemed to forget every cause of unhappiness, and waxed fatter, being more contented and satisfied than ever. He still lent money to good houses; but Captain Andrew translated his business for him, collected his ac- counts, had his books signed, and did every thing which was needful. Every month he brought home all that had been repaid in interest or principal during the month, and took back all that Peter con- sented to put out to interest. Richer and richer grew our Dutchman, for not only his money but his vast estates brought him in profit.

The 1st of May was the day on which Katharine was expected home. It was a bright and sunny morning. Peter ate his dinner with his usual method, after order- ing a luxurious tea to be ready at three o'clock, the hour at which the schooner was expected to arrive. At two precisely he was in his bower with pipe and glass. He lit the one and took a sip of the other, and then he looked around. His pipe drop- ped from his mouth and almost out of his hand as he saw two schooners heading for the port of New Rotterdam, at the usual distance. They were so exactly alike that Peter was puzzled to know which was which. What could this mean? There was some mystery about the matter—There was, he was sure, going to be trouble and vexation, and his equanimity would surely be disturbed.

"That it should happen on this very 1st of May!" he cried; the birthday—But why is he so pale and trembling; why does he lay down his pipe; why does he gulp down his drink, and buttoning a pocket, assume an air of sudden de- pression, as if prepared to defend them with terrible energy?

"My Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is the 1st of May! Katharine's birthday, and the anniversary—What will be- come of me?"

The usually rubicund and merry face of the Dutchman grew pale, all the com- monly suffered from congestion on the top of his large nose, his eyes twinkled with anxiety, and an awful frown of alarming portent collected on his brow. His glance never left the two schooners, when came on exactly abreast, with their days flying, and heading exactly for the port of New Rotterdam. Peter now re- cognized that of Brock's by the oft-mem- ored sails, those of the other being spick-and-span new of white duck, while the vessel itself had a smart and natty appearance.

Mein Herr Von Biscoff sank down upon his arm-chair in deep thought. His mind was between his teeth, his repulsive glass was antiquated. He could dis- tinguish something on the deck of Andrew Brock's schooner which made his heart beat. It was a figure which carried him back sixteen years. It was the same size, in the same dress; and the Dutchman could have sworn it was her who, after twenty-four months of wedded life, had found a watery grave. The schooner came nearer and nearer, and Peter Biscoff rose as usual to walk down to the very edge of the water. The small craft was brought up in the wind, stood still, and then was with wonderful rapidity moored by the negroes to the shore.

"My father," said a soft, ringing, silvery voice in Peter's ear, that made him look round in amazement, for he could have sworn it was the voice of the dead—"my father, he is your Katharine now, Kate."

Merciful Heaven! It was the same hair the same eyes, the same form; and Peter turned away and wept bitterly. Dutchman and plumeless as he was.

"What is the matter?" asked Katharine, much amazed.

"You are so like what your poor mother was," replied the father.

"Dear papa, and do you mourn for her still?" said his rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, light, airy-stopped daughter.

"I do. I never shall forget the wicked old fellow I felt at being quiet. But that very momentary joy was my punishment. Years my child had healed the wound; but you have reopened it."

"O what a smile! A unutterable love came from that child's face as the Dutchman spoke of her! She caught him round the neck, she kissed him, she laughed, she chattered like a monkey, and then ran with noisome glee to see what the house was like."

"Well, Capt. Andrew, what is the mean- ing of this schooner following you, and anchoring 200 yards off our port?"

"The devil bluster his black sides," said Andrew Brock fiercely; "it has followed me from New York like a leech; it has never been fifty yards apart; sometimes it would come so close I thought we should touch. It is a rich Englishman, I know; the captain is a little handsome fellow with smart curly whiskers; I fancy he has come in chase of Katharine!"

"Little man, smart curly whiskers, in love with my daughter; der teufel, I will kill him!" and Peter Biscoff looked as angry as he had done some hours before. "But I don't understand such impudence. What can he want?"

There lay the strange schooner in the stream, riding at anchor about 200 yards distant. It was an elegant and graceful craft, with low hull, tall, raking masts, white duck-sails, a clean, well-holy-stoned deck, and all that air of natty seamanship which is peculiarly English. Peter shook his head, and looked as if he expected to see some sign of life on board. But not a soul was on deck—not a sign of life was visible. The schooner lay still and silent

at anchor, as if wholly abandoned by man.

"Very odd," said the Dutch skipper. "Very," replied Peter: "come and take tea."

Away walked our two portly friends up the garden towards the house, musing with very different feelings relating to the advent of the strange schooner. The Dutch skipper saw only a rival in love and trade in the English sailor, but Peter saw something far more serious; but what it was, unfortunately, he could not com- municate to any one. They found Kath- erine roaring with laughter at the astonish- ment of the negro female servants when she began upsetting a whole system of her father's arrangements, of which she did not approve. First a chair did not please her; and with her own hands and those of her alarmed assistants was in process of alteration.

As Peter entered the negroes stopped, looking at him with an air of uneasy doubt.

"Make haste, darkness," said Katharine, with her rich, merry laugh, that still made her father's heart leap; and still moistened his eyes.

"Obey your new mistress," exclaimed Peter quickly; I give no further orders here. Katharine, my daughter, rules the house."

The negroes laughing and cheerfully prepared to obey; but Kate had checked her mind for the nurse, and checking them, bade them prepare tea. Down sat the two Dutchmen, one on each side of Kate—the one to admire and gaze at her to fixed silence, the other to make desper- ate love. Peter was a handsome man of forty and would have looked well making himself into a beau—but the skipper was as you could find, in the land, too fond of his glass, which Peter did not alto- gether abuse, though he too might more wisely have been a little more abstinent. So Kate laughed heartily at his compliments; and asked him if he was not ashamed to dream of marriage at his age, when he should be thinking of a future life—a man of life is quite ancient in the eyes of a boarding school mistress of eight and only became more up and in his mirth when he got a little angry. Peter would have laughed if he could, but he had a dim perception now of all he had really lost sixteen years before; he knew not what joy might have been his if he had never been parted from her again as it did ever, his heart reproach- ed him with that unfeeling speech of his the evening after her death.

The tea seemed never likely to finish; Peter kept asking for fresh cups, and fresh slices of hot cake, and eating them slowly, as if he never tired of being helped by his beloved child, whose little hands, stirring his tea and cutting his cake, seemed to make it twice as pleasant. Andrew Brock tried to imitate him, but he was too fond of his beard and water, to be able to do so. It was in vain that gallantry made him try a third cup; he could not manage it. About seven, Kate, who was tired with her journey, retired to rest; and Andrew Brock, for the same reason, followed her example. Peter Biscoff remained alone with his pipe and his glances.

There sat the Dutchman in his cloud of smoke, puffing away out of a bowl of huge dimensions, and gazing his grog with more gusto than usual. He was not happy. The return of his daughter had brought to his mind the day of his courtship—all that was pleasant in his married life, all its charms, all the excellent and pleasant qualities of Mary Biscoff, while none of her faults were remembered; then he thought of the anniversary of the 1st of May—to him one always of painful import as he smoked and drank the good man dozed away, half asleep, half awake, with all manner of queer beings around him presently some one seemed to call him, but so faintly he could scarcely hear, and he fell quiet into a heavy slum- ber.

"Peter Biscoff," said Peter Biscoff, "said a voice again in a still tone which made him start."

Peter sat upright, and looked wildly around; he then clearly distinguished some one tapping at the window in a mysterious way. As usual, all the servants were gone to bed, and Peter Biscoff was alone.

"Who is there?" said he in a low tone.

"I, replied half-shrill, half-gruff voice—the sailor of the island."

Peter Biscoff groaned; but seeming to resign himself to his fate, went to the door, unbarred it, and gave admission to the stranger. A well made little man, of about six and thirty, with light curly whiskers, a cap, a round jacket, and loose trousers, and a sash supporting pistols and dirk, walked in, entered the smoking-room, sat himself down in the portly Dutchman's arm chair and looked at him with con- siderable curiosity and surprise.

"How do you do?" said the English sailor lowly; "as if you expected me, yet did not like the visit."

"Quite prepared to see you," replied the Dutchman.

"How you're charged in sixteen years!" said the other; "fat, gray-haired, red nose—can't say you're improved."

"Mere matter of taste," said the Dutch- man.

"Exactly. But to business. Do you recollect the 1st of May fifteen years since?"

"Yes; there must have been such a day, observed the Dutchman."

"Glad you are willing to own that—But allow me to refresh your memory—In the year 17—, sixteen years ago, liv- ing in a small hut on Long Island, I dis- covered a treasure in my garden buried there by pirates I suppose."

"So you said at the time," mused the Dutchman.

"And so I say now," exclaimed the En- glish sailor shrilly. I should declare the discovery to the state, but I didn't. I thought a provision for my old age of more importance than the enriching a corpora- tion; so I looked round for an honest, up- right, but hard man, who could make the best of my money until I wanted it, and rum- maged brought me to you."

"Exactly," groaned the Dutchman.

"I came over to you in my schooner, in which I traded down the coast, and told you that I had made the discovery. You advised me to make it public, but offered me 5 per cent for my money as long as I liked. I preferred wandering just then to settling down, and I accepted. I brought you over to the island handed you the money you gave me a receipt; here it is—I want my money. The 1st of May 17—is it not yet come; the sixteen years when it was to be yours if unclaimed are not past."

"Exactly," said the Dutchman.

"You are ready, I suppose?" exclaimed the English sailor; "I 10,000v not at 5 per cent, for fourteen clear years is 17,000."

"Mein Gott!" said the Dutchman with a deep sigh.

"I understand: it is not pleasant to give up so round a sum. Suppose we strike a bargain?"

"What do you say to a swap, Mein Herr Von Biscoff? Your daughter against the 17,000?"

"So you bluster first!" cried the Dutch- man in a loud and thundering voice.

"What!" said the sailor, much surprised, "you prefer your daughter to your money?"

"Of course I do, young man!" exclaimed Peter Von Biscoff; "and you shall strip me of my fortune ere you shall rob me of her."

"Suppose I denounce you as having so- creted treasure?" said the sailor gruffly.

"Do so, and the tuffel take you!" thundered the Dutchman.

"Pay me my money then," said the sail- or; "here is your receipt. Here is the sack in which I intended to carry away my gold."

The Dutchman looked fiercely at him, but did not move. To part with 17,000 was dreadful, but to promise his daughter to a man he did not know was worse.

"Well," asked the sailor, "what do you decide?"

"Nothing?" said the Dutchman in angry embarrassment.

"My dear papa," exclaimed Kate, burst- ing into the room, "what is the matter? I hear you quarrelling with Captain Andrew; what has he been doing?"

"Go to bed," said Peter Biscoff much annoyed, "dear Kate! I am engaged in business with a stranger."

"A stranger?" cried Katharine in will and passionate accents; "do you say a stran- ger? Oh, my mother! why have you come in this disguise?"

"Your mother! What did you say?" said Peter pale and trembling.

"Say my dear father!" replied Katharine; "and after what you said to day, you must indeed be proud and happy."

"Proud and happy?" said Mary Biscoff sternly. "Then why have I been dead for sixteen years? Why, when I fell overboard and was picked up, was I coming home, did I hear him say, 'It is all for the best?'"

"Because I was a fool; because I knew not the happiness I lost that day; because I loved my ease and quiet, I seemed glad for a moment. But explain all this. I shall go mad. How are you here? Are you Mary, or are you the sailor? What is the object of your fondling me money? But no; I am an idiot to ask you. This is some trick. It would be too much hap- piness—too much!"

"Do I hear right?" cried Mary, looking at her husband and her child. Is it possi- ble that you really love me?"

"Mother," said Kate solemnly, "if you had heard and seen him this morning you would not have doubted him; and drawing the shawl sailor on one side she spoke earnestly in a whisper.

In a minute more the sailors whiskers fell off, his cap was removed, and but that the face was bronzed, a little plumper, and the form a little rounder, Peter Von Biscoff saw before him the same loved being who sixteen years before had dis- appeared beneath the waters of the Hudson. But Peter had no time to speak, for Kate drew her away. Overcome by his emo- tions, the merchant sank into his arm- chair.

"It is my wife or her ghost, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!" he cried.

In a few minutes Kate and Mary return- ed, the latter having hurriedly changed her garb, and Peter knew her once more. He took both their hands, unable to speak, and gazed at them with surprise and affec- tion. His little eyes stood out prominently in his head; he looked first at one of them and then at the other, and then draw- ing his wife to his bosom, kissed her earn- estly.

"Tell me about it," said he, rising with a tremendous effort, and offering her a chair. "My dear love welcome home!"

"To say, Peter, that I am surprised is to say little. I am very happy, very proud even after so many years, to be united to my husband. When I fell overboard sixteen years ago I was swept away by the current instead of sinking, and was picked up by a fisherman whose canoe you could not see in the dark. I lay all night in his hut, nursed by his wife and daughter. To- wards the afternoon I was better, and was brought home in the canoe. The man set on shore at the low beach, and I walk- ed up here with the wicked intention of rightening you with my grog. Just as I reached the bower I heard you speak— Never shall I forget that moment. It seemed that my girlish spirits made you unhappy, and that you looked upon my death as rather to let you know I was alive; I resolved revolved at the idea of being a burden to a man who rejoiced at my sup- posed death. I would have taken my child but I loved you still, and wanted to see my child well brought up. You knew that my father had been a sailor, and even that it was rumoured he had been hard- up on the Spaniards in the Indies. I had been often long voyages with him—I assumed the dress of a man at once, as the best disguise and the surest way of get- ting on. I shipped on board a trading boat which went to Long Island, where my father had died. I sought his house, now mine, and made it my headquarters. Arranging the house one day I found a

letter to myself hidden in an old box. It was put there in the provision that his daughter might marry and not be happy. It told me of the hidden treasure. I saw in this unexpected windfall a future for my child. I knew you to be a man cap- able of doubling it. You know the rest— But I could not bear not to see my Kath- erine. I went to the school—the mistress knew me well—I told my story, and she agreed to let me see my child as often as I liked. My child loved me dearly. Every voyage—and they were only along the coast—I put off my male garb, and spent some hours with Kate. When she was old enough to understand, I explained the reason of my parting with you, but as you know, without seeking to diminish the child's affection for its father.

"God bless you!" said the Dutchman.

"And so you mean to take back your runaway wife?" said Mary, sliding up to him.

"Mein Gott! you don't want to go?" ex- claimed Peter anxiously.

"But I'm as merry and wild as ever— Kate and I romp together like two kit- tens."

"So much the better," said the Dutch- man, whose eyes looked very moist. The house is yours; do as you like; only for- give me my words—I did not mean them—and you may dance on my head, if you like."

"I do forgive you, Peter. I would do so simply to quiet those imploring little eyes of Kate's," replied Mary; but I do so from my heart upon one condition."

"Anything you like," said Peter with en- thusiasm.

"The fact is, when I came here it was not with any intention of making myself known. I had heard it rumored that you intended to marry Kate to old Andrew Brock; at all events he said so."

"Old porpoise growled Peter indignantly.

"I am glad to hear you had no such in- tention."

"See him drowned first," said Mein Herr Von Biscoff.

"For I, my dear husband, have one ready for Kate. He is a young Englishman—a clever, handsome, pleasant fellow— You like gas; he likes work. Make him manager of your estates; you have plenty of money; you can enlarge and improve them."

"But it's your money."

"No, Peter; it is yours in trust for Kate. She will be happy to share our home— By and by we can build her a house on the port, and then when we really do die."

"Hush, mother!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Talk of anything else."

"Yes!" exclaimed Peter, who was in a rapturous state of mind. "And won't we dance, and have a fine time of it?" and the Dutchman actually rose, seized his wife and daughter by the hand, and amid shouts of laughter, began dancing round the room. They tried to stop him but in vain; he was too much for them. At length how- ever, he was out of breath, and sank into an arm chair.

"Let's have some supper," said he sud- denly, "and drink to the health of the mis- tress of the house. Holla! oh! Up there Gratz, Joseph, William, Alice, Ebony— Be stirring look alive!" and seizing his walking-stick the Dutchman began banging the table with a settled energy which made his wife smile. It was a strong proof of his love; for he hereby declared that he abandoned willingly all his ideas of phleg- matic comfort, and authorized those he loved to be henceforth as uproariously mirth- ful as they pleased.

"Your father is going mad!" said Mary laughing.

"With happiness, mamma," replied Kate, joining their hands, and gazing at each with such an exquisite smile of joy as made both embrace her fondly.

A happy man from that day was Mein Herr Von Biscoff. He never looked down again, for fear of making his family fancy he was tired of their worth. When he unexpectedly found the house filled during the next ten years by little children— both his daughters and his own—he cer- tainly did look at them with somewhat of a serious expression of countenance; but when he caught his wife or daughters eye fixed on him, he would laugh heartily, and winkling at both exclaim with gen- uine delight: "It is all for the best!"

THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Washington Union states that elec- tions for members of the House of Repre- sentatives of the next Congress have now been held in all the states of the Union with the exception of Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana, with the follow- ing result:

Democrats, 110; Black Republican, 19, American, 8; vacancies, 2. In the State of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee North Carolina, last week, and although full and complete returns have not been received, the Union thinks that the actual result will verify the correctness of the figures as given above. Should no changes occur in the remaining four States, where elections are to be held, the next House of Representatives will stand as fol- lows:—Democrats, 120; Black Republicans 91; Americans, 16; vacancies, 2. The House of representatives consists of 234 members—118 members constituting a majority. As the case now stands—allow-

no change in the four states where elec- tions are to be held—the democrats will have a majority of 16 in the next House.

On POLYGYNY.—Dedicated to Elder John—, of the Mormon church.

If John marry Mary and Mary alone, It is a good match between Mary and John;

But if John marry more wives, what blows and what scratches; 'Tis no longer a match, but a bundle o' matches.

THE DRESSING OF FASHION.—Eight feet at the bottom, and tapering to six inches at the top, where the waste (of silk) begins.







bestowed, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, assuring the public that no effort will be spared on his part to give entire satisfaction.

nov 14 T. F. PAER

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned would inform the citizens of Ellis City and surrounding country, that he is prepared to do FRUITBASKETING in all of his branches, both plain and ornamental—consisting of corbices, plain and fancy, centre-pieces of all kinds, panel carvings, &c. &c. Also, brick work done with care.

All jobs in the country will meet with prompt attention, by addressing

W. H. HOSKING



# THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

From a very interesting article on the Atlantic telegraph, which appears in a late number of the Journal of Commerce, we make the following extracts:

"We sincerely hope that the anticipations entertained in England at the sailing of the Persia will be realized, and that this enterprise will have been crowned with success within ten days from this time. The friends of the enterprise across the Atlantic will enjoy an advantage over those on this side, as they will be in constant communication with the vessels engaged in laying the cable, which will not be held from the centre of the Atlantic, but beginning at Valencia Bay, Ireland, the four vessels detailed for the service occupying across the ocean. At this very moment it is probably known in England that a considerable portion of the wire is laid, or that some untoward accident has caused a temporary failure. Strong as our hopes that success will be attained at the present trial, we cannot be blind to the fact that it is in some respects a first experiment, and may be defeated by difficulties which experience will overcome. Few persons entertained by many at the time of the Persia's sailing that the apparatus for paying out the cable was too heavy for its small size and little strength. The two halves of the cable had been directed by mistake with a twist in opposite directions, which caused much regret, though it was believed a heavy weight at the point of connection would overcome the difficulty. Arrangements were made to cut off the cable and mark its position by a buoy, should heavy weather render it unsafe to keep up the connection between the portion in the vessel and that safely laid; and apparatus was devised also to haul in a portion of it for repairs, should it be discovered at any time that the electric communication was destroyed or impaired."

"It had been determined that the first message across the ocean, in case of success, should be 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' This will probably be followed by Queen Victoria's compliments to our President, and after his reply, the line will be open to the public for messages of not more than twenty words, at fifty fillings the message, or (say) 625 cents a word. Here will be a chance for the associated press to spend money on a large scale; and, judging from the past, they will not be slow to embrace it."

**SINGING EXPERIMENT.**—M. Foucault, of Paris, the inventor of the famous pendulum experiment, has constructed an apparatus to demonstrate that motion produces color. A thick bar of iron, bent into a horse shoe form, is converted into an electric magnet; between its two extremities is suspended a disk of copper, to which a rapid motion is communicated by the intervention of toothed gearing. So long as the horse shoe magnet magnetized the disk turns with ease, but as soon as the horse shoe is placed in communication with a battery, and thereby converted into an electric magnet, a great resistance to the further revolution of the disk is made manifest. If, in spite of this resistance, the disk is turned during a minute or so, and a thermometer be placed upon the disk, the mercury will ascend to sixty or eighty degrees, although the toothed gearing, &c., remain at the ordinary temperature.

**DUELING ON THE WEED AND WOMEN.**—In his new work, now in course of publication, "What will be done with it?" Butler thus moralizes on the weed and women:

"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great grief, or refused himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, soft, than woman?' whispers the young reader—'Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrow which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this world, the weed in that, Jupiter hang out thy balance, weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed!'"

**EXPENSIVE WILMINGTON.**—On the night of the 27th July, a party of men pulled down a dwelling house which was being erected in Wilmington by one of the citizens of that place. It seems that the gentlemen to whom the property belonged had contracted with a negro for the erection of the building. This gave offence to some white men who were out of employment. On the night of the 27th a party assembled to the work. Wednesday last a meeting of the citizens of Wilmington was held pursuant to a call from the Mayor, and resolutions were adopted denouncing the bad proceedings, and promising ample support to the Mayor in his efforts to prevent the recurrence of a similar act of lawlessness. The Wilmington Herald has long since condemned the outrageous act of the offending party.

**LUCKY ESCAPE FROM A HORRIBLE DEATH!**—We have received a letter from Pice Level, N. C., giving an account of a dreadful accident which happened at the distillery of Messrs. Nathan & Dible's in Johnston county. It seems that while the stiller was taking off the top of a turnstone still, he stumbled and pitched head foremost into the hot rosin, and then, without any assistance, jumped out. The man was still alive on the 4th inst., and is expected to recover.—*Will. Herald.*

**DELECTABLE NEW WHEAT.**—A beautiful article of new white wheat, the 1st crop of yesterday by Messrs. White, Davis & Jarboe, at \$1.75 per bushel. The wheat was given by T. P. Burgwyn, Esq., of Halifax, N. C. It is a portion of one of the most prolific crops ever made—1800 bushels having been realized from 48 acres of land—being about 38 bushels to the acre. It stood when in the field over six feet high. Glorious Old North State!—*Pitt. Express.*

**THE SECRETARY OF THE LADIES' Mount Vernon Association,** in South Carolina, acknowledged the receipt of \$100, from the Hon. William Aiken.

A punster, at the point of death, being advised to eat a piece of *putty*, declined saying he feared it might *lay on his stomach*.

## Democratic Pioneer.



J. B. GODWIN, Editor.  
GODWIN & QUILLIN, Proprietors.

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1857.

**NOTICE.**  
The Pioneer establishment having been transferred to the hands of new proprietors, it is very important that all accounts should be settled as speedily as possible. Those, therefore, who are indebted to the office for subscription, advertising or job work are earnestly requested to come forward and make settlement without delay.

The Editor will be absent for several weeks, but a friend has kindly consented to officiate in his absence.

Gokey's Lady's Book, Peterson's National, Arthur's Home Magazine, Carolina Cultivator, for August has been received.

### THE PRESS.

This is the title of a new paper just started in Philadelphia by J. W. Forney, Esq., the first number of which has been received. Mr. Forney is among the ablest writers of the country, thoroughly versed in the political history of the Union, and an unflinching member of the Democratic party, to the support of whose principles the "Press" will be devoted. The "Press" is of large size, neat in typographical execution, and full of original and well selected articles. We wish Mr. Forney success in his new enterprise.

### FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Counties.	1855.		1857.	
	PAUL A. M.	SHAW, Dmo.	SHAW, A. W.	SHAW, Dmo.
Halifax,	578	599	586	729
N. Hampton,	442	653	490	672
Martin,	336	726	331	708
Bertie,	534	485	575	479
Hertford,	400	265	457	275
Washington,	380	235	385	298
Tyrrill,	359	114	299	145
Gates,	337	434	386	367
Chowan,	250	258	210	265
Perquimans,	354	255	372	282
Pasquotank,	540	274	532	356
Camden,	583	88	512	106
Currituck,	185	556	107	611
	5228	4882	5255	5293
	4882		5255	

Paul's maj. 346 Shaw's maj. 28

### HANDSOMELY DONE.

Upon the rendition of the verdict of the College of Sheriffs at Windsor on Thursday last, (declaring Dr. Shaw duly elected to Congress.) Jesse B. Lee, Esq., Sheriff of Currituck County, entertained his brother Sheriffs of the College with a complimentary dinner. This was a very graceful acknowledgment of the high compliment that had been paid to his distinguished fellow-countymen by the people of the District, and Sheriff Lee deserves a bumper for the *esprit de corps* displayed upon the occasion. Here's a health to thee, friend Lee!

**Jubilant** has been the order of the day among the Democracy of the District for the last week. Never have we seen them more joyous. It was a heart-felt satisfaction, and they greeted each other like men who had passed through a severe ordeal and come out victorious and triumphant. They gathered in groups upon the streets, and went to each other's houses to commune together upon the glorious result. On Tuesday evening last, that sterling Democrat, J. T. Graubary, Esq., threw open the doors of his mansion near Woodville, in Perquimans county, and entertained a large number of his Democratic friends from Perquimans and Pasquotank, (with several choice spirits from Chowan) with a princely hospitality. The company did not break up until five or six small hours of the morning. Several of our citizens also kept "open house," and universal joy pervaded Democratic hearts.

### REMARKABLE.

It will be found on reference to the figures in the official vote in another place, that in the eleven counties of this District running from Halifax to and including Pasquotank, Dr. Shaw and Mr. Smith were tied—each of them having received the same number of votes (4576) in those counties. Thus were the two champions locked during the race through eleven counties, and Camden and Currituck were left to settle the question. The combined vote for Dr. Shaw in those two counties was just 38 more than that for Mr. Smith—and that is the precise majority by which Dr. Shaw is elected. His majority in Camden and Currituck combined is 38 votes—and his majority in the District is 38 votes. So that these two counties decided a drawn battle between eleven counties.

The idea (which was already very popular) that the candidate who comes over the Flat Bridge ahead is bound to beat, will now become a positive conviction with many. At all events, there has never been an exception to the rule.

## THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—POSTING THE BOOKS.

Elections for members of the House of Representatives of the next Congress have now been held in all the States of the Union, with the exception of Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, with the following result:

	Dem.	Blk Rep	K N V.
Maine,	6	3	
N. Hampshire,	—	3	
Vermont,	—	11	
Massachusetts,	—	2	
Rhode Island,	2	2	
Connecticut,	12	21	
New York,	8	3	
New Jersey,	14	10	1
Pennsylvania,	1		
Delaware,	13		
Virginia,	6		
South Carolina,	1		
Florida,	2		
Arkansas,	4	1	2
Missouri,	5	4	
Illinois,	—	2	
Iowa,	—	3	
Wisconsin,	6	4	1
Indiana,	8	13	
Michigan,	—	4	
California,	2		
Texas,	2		
Kentucky,	8	—	2
Tennessee,	7	—	3
North Carolina,	7	—	1
Alabama,	7		
	110	91	8

In the States of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Alabama congressional elections were held last week, and, although full and complete returns have not been received, we believe that the actual result will verify the correctness of the figures as given above. Supposing no changes occurring in the remaining four States, where elections are to be held, the next House of Representatives will stand as follows:

	Dem	Blk Rep	K N V.
Members already elected,	110	91	8
Members from Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana, as they stood in last Congress,	15	—	8
Total,	125	91	16

The House of Representatives consists of 234 members—118 members constituting a majority. As the case now stands—allowing no change in the four States where elections are to be held—the Democrats will have a majority of sixteen in the next House. This majority we think will be increased to eighteen, as the two vacancies in the Pennsylvania and Indiana delegations will, in all probability, be filled by Democrats.

### THE ELECTION IN ALABAMA.

The election in Alabama like that in Texas proved to be a one-sided affair. The State is democratic to the core! Not a voice is left of know-nothingism! Mobile, once the stronghold of Sam, gives four hundred majority for the Democrats. Her election is thus noted in the Mobile Register, the day after the election: "The battle has been fought, the victory won. The flag of triumph floats proudly from our mast-head, and the thunder of cannon proclaims the joyous tidings. Over every combination which could be formed against us, when the enemy had stolen even our war cry, and assumed the friendship of those sacred southern rights which the democracy have preserved with jealously vigilance—over division and desertion in our own ranks we have achieved a glorious victory. For a brief period selfishness and dissension threatened to dismember the party, and from every column of the opposition organ flamed in exultant capitals the story of our needs. But true to the patriotic principles and instincts which have ever guided the democracy, all minor differences were hushed, all trifling disagreements buried, and when the day of struggle came, in unbroken phalanx with shield locked to shield, 'the old guard' marched to battle and to triumph. 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.'"

### THE ELECTION IN TENNESSEE.

The Nashville Union of Saturday last, has the following in relation to the congressional delegation: "The Democrats certainly elected Smith in the 3d district; Savage in the 4th district; Jones in the 5th district; Wright in the 7th district; Atkins in the 9th district, and Avery in the 10th district. 'The Know Nothings' elect Royle in the 6th district, and Zollicoffer in the 8th district, each by small majorities. The 1st and 2d districts to be heard from."

### OHIO DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State convention of Ohio met at Columbus on Thursday, and nominated H. B. Payne for governor, W. H. Lytle for lieutenant governor, Mr. Whitman for judge of the supreme court, Mr. Morris for State treasurer, S. Reinhardt for secretary of State, and A. L. Beckus for superintendent of the public works. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the Free Soil decision, approving the administration of President Buchanan and the doctrine of popular sovereignty as advanced in the Kansas Nebraska act, and in favor of an independent treasury of Ohio.—*Washington Union.*

We are requested to state that the steamer Curlew, owing to the excursion to Beaufort, will not leave E. City for Nag's Head on Thursday next, but will resume her trips on Saturday, and run according to schedule thereafter.

A cargo of ice arrived at Nag's Head on Saturday last, much to the comfort of the many visitors there congregated.

## HEAVY FORGERIES.—ESCAPE OF THE GUILTY PARTY.

The citizens of Cumberland were not a little startled on Tuesday morning, on learning that Lord B. Smith, formerly a hardware merchant, and subsequently collector of State and county taxes, had committed heavy forgeries upon various persons residing in the city and neighborhood. Smith had always been regarded as an honest man. He was a member of the Methodist Church, in good standing. At the time of his appointment as collector, this good opinion underwent no change. He was known to have been behindhand in his payments to the State, but it was thought that his real and personal estate would save his securities from all loss on his account. Recent developments have changed this good opinion. On Friday night he took the cars, stating that he was going to Baltimore, and would return in a few days. Not returning as expected, inquiry began to be made into the condition of affairs. His transactions came to light. So far, forgeries amounting to between five and six thousand dollars have been discovered. The names of the following parties have been forged for the amounts annexed to their names. We have no means of ascertaining definitely the amount but those who are presumed to know state them as given below: Joseph Frantz \$1500; Jesse Korns, \$500; J. & H. Korns, \$367; Wm. Frantz, \$5; Samuel M. Semmes, \$400; Althous B. Ball, \$850; N. D. Smith, \$700; Rice, \$250; Daniel Flock, \$500. Total, as far as could be ascertained, \$5,957.

**ENORMOUS TUMOR.**—On Wednesday the 29th of July, we witnessed the removal of a large tumor from the body of a Negro woman belonging to Dr. A. Holmes of this place. The tumor was first noticed about 8 months previous to its removal. The patient was placed under the influence of Chloroform and Ether combined, and an incision of 15 or 16 inches made upon the distended abdomen, when an enormous fibro-cartilaginous tumor was exposed, and removed. The tumor, after being dried of a considerable amount of water, weighed 21 lbs. Had it been weighed before dripping it would doubtless have gone to 25 pounds. The patient though extremely weak at the beginning, sustained the operation well, and is at this writing, five days after, doing well.

Dr. A. Holmes, H. A. Bazel, J. A. Bazel and W. G. Hicks performed each their part in the work. Dr. Holmes doing the cutting. This is one of the largest tumors ever taken from a human body. It was attached to the right ovary below, and to the Omentum above. On dissection it presented irregular bony matter, cartilage, hair, fatty matter, brain, brainy tissue, and numerous cells filled with water and pus.—*Clinton Independent.*

### A COMPLETE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

Next winter, (says the Journal of Commerce,) for the first time since 1825 or 1828, a Legislature containing a Democratic majority will assemble at Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky. The Democrats have since that date had the Governor and half the delegation in Congress, but never the Legislature. The opposition had a permanent and enduring ascendancy in that body that never could be shaken in the least. But now with the drawing of this year's cards marks the reaction every where in favor of Democracy, Kentucky wheels valiantly into the line, and there she will remain hereafter.

### GIVING IT UP.

The know-nothings of Kentucky are in despair since the election. The Citizen published at Paris, in that State, utters the following lament: "The American party is again defeated in Kentucky. Our opponents say it is now effectually dead. It may be so. It may be that, for all the important purposes of a political party, it is powerless. We candidly confess that we no longer respect its success. We don't know that it has any prospect of success, immediate or remote."

**NORTH-CAROLINA STATE BONDS.**—The following letter from a broker in New York to a gentleman of this City, shows that North-Carolina stocks are looking up. The letter is in reply to one requesting the broker to purchase for him some North-Carolina State bonds. He says: "Dear Sir:—Yours of the 19th, with a check for — dollars, was duly received. I regret to say I have not as yet been able to buy any North-Carolina bonds; there are none in market; they are in great demand. A short time since they sold at 87½, and now I do not think they can be bought at 95. Par was asking price to-day."—*Standard.*

**A MOTHER.**—A man named Alder, residing at Memphis Tenn., under such circumstances as to make the mob determine to hang him. They proceeded to the jail, took forcible possession of the prisoner, carried him off to a suitable place, adjured a rope around his neck, and were about to swing him, when his mother appeared. Her agonized entreaties saved the destined victim. "Stern" was the determination of those immediately concerned in the movement to hang him, and supported as they were by the thousands who surrounded them, their manhood shrunk from inflicting the doom in the presence of his mother. Cries resounded through the crowd, "take him away," and he was taken back again placed in the custody of the Sheriff.

**CAPTAIN ON THE COW CATCHER.**—As the Ohio-poe train was going up on Thursday morning, a cow that strayed upon the track unexpectedly, was taken up by the cow-catcher and carried some distance. Her head at one side of the locomotive, her feet at the other, and then tumbled back over head doing an embarrassing work. She arose shook herself, and walked off, to the great joy of her miserable owner, who had rushed from his house at the first appearance of danger to his pet, and followed the train with imprecations and cries of "stop the damned thing—stop her!"

We learn from the Chapel Hill Gazette that Mr. Charles A. Mitchell has bought one hundred acres on the top of the highest peak of the Black Mountain; and the remains of his honored father are to be removed there in the fall.

## DEATH OF JUDGE SETTLE.

We learn from the Salisbury Herald that the Hon. Thomas Settle died a few days ago at his residence in Rockingham county. He was a distinguished citizen of the State. He represented Rockingham county in the House of Commons so long ago as 1816, and in 1823 he was elected Speaker of that body. In 1832 he was chosen a Judge of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, which elevated position he held with acceptability for over twenty years since, when Judge Person of this town was chosen to fill the vacancy. Judge Settle was about 66 years of age, and was highly esteemed for his many virtues.—*Will. Herald.*

The following paragraph from the Chicago Times, gives an idea how harvesting is done at the West:

A friend of ours says that one day last week he went up to the top of a hill on Mt. Zion, six miles from Janesville, Rock county, Wisconsin, and counted on the surrounding plain one hundred and sixty-four horse-power reaping machines busily cutting down wheat. There were one thousand men, women, and boys following after, binding and sheaving up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing, to behold the grain falling and being gathered up at the rate of two hundred acres per hour.

**COTTON.**—At a public meeting recently held in Manchester, Alderman Mison stated some interesting facts in relation to the value of cotton, not only as an article of manufacture, but as a bond of friendship between Great Britain and the United States.

He said that the first bale of cotton was imported into England from America in 1772. At that time the entire consumption in England amounted to 20,000,000 pounds, nearly all of which came from the British West Indies, the French and Dutch possessions, and from Turkey. The consumption at the present time amounts to 900,000,000 pounds; no less than 700,000 workmen are engaged in the trade, and a population of from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 is indirectly dependent upon it. At this moment there are 33,000,000 spindles and 300,000 looms at work, or there would be that number but for bad trade. In 1845 there was in the various ports of England a stock of cotton equal to thirty-nine weeks' consumption and at the close of 1856 it had dwindled down to about twelve weeks' consumption. Four-fifths of the entire supply of cotton comes from America, and thus the bond between the two countries is the most important that can be conceived.

**FREE MARTIN.**—A second-maturing spirit was lately manifested in Lancaster, Pa., by the wife of one Charles Shuler. Charles had left his wife and married Miss Mina Buditz, a pretty little brunette, who was keeping house for an old gentleman. A grim instrument of the law, known as a constable, arrested Shuler for bigamy; and sent him to prison, whereupon the two wives, instead of clapping-laws each other, as some women would have done, and a consultation together as to the best means of releasing the husband, in whom they had a mutual interest, but who was of little use to either of them while in close confinement.

After discussing and dismissing many plans, the first Mrs. Shuler finally agreed, for the consideration of six dollars, expressed in the current coin of the realm of Pennsylvania (to wit, silver dollars) to release the second Mrs. S. all right and "live to the husband." Squire Frick, however, being governed rather by the dollar of the statutes than by a desire to solve the trouble by an easy method, objected, and said this could not be done. B. came means, which are not fully explained. Shuler was released, and the arrangement is said to have been fully carried out. When Shuler gets tired of his pretty brunette, may she make as good bargain in the sale of him as her predecessor did.—*New York Times.*

A story is told of a grave-digger on Cape Cod a long time since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his arm chair and discovered his chair, in the performance of an act for which, Mr. May once made a charge of fifty cents to the State, in other words, meaning his paroxysms. Inspire with a love of fun which is almost divine, he inquired, "Why are you, my dear, like the evil adversary speaking in Scripture? Of course she was unable to discover a ypsilon in the word 'Barnes,' said he, 'whilst auburnian slept, you saved the taxes.'"

**SPURGEON, JUNIOR.**—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, younger brother of the famed Spurgeon appeared in Boston, England, on Sunday before last. He preached two sermons in the Corn Exchange Hall, on behalf of the Zion Chapel, West Street. At the morning service the famous hall was crowded to excess, and the preacher making his appearance a sensation of surprise at his youthful appearance seemed to pervade the audience. His age is said to be seventeen.—*English paper.*

### SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.—FIRST DAY.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., August 10.—The Southern Commercial Convention met at noon to-day. Eight hundred delegates were present. Mr. De Bow, of Louisiana, was chosen President of the convention. Vice Presidents were chosen from Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Virginia, Arkansas, and Maryland. John R. Chambliss, of Virginia is one of the Vice Presidents. The same number of Secretaries was appointed including Wm. Lamb, of Norfolk.

A young widow, who edits a paper in a neighboring town says: "we don't look as well to-day as usual, on account of non arrival of the males." (males.)

The debt of Missouri is \$12,000,000, mostly created by subscription to four rail-roads—the Pacific, North Missouri, Iron Mountain, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph roads.

Oh, try to be good, on high, and on earth peace and joy will towards men. These words are to be the first message transmitted over the Atlantic telegraph. In the whole dry of literature, (says an exchange nothing could be more appropriate and sublime.

## A GOOD TEACHER.—ANECDOTE OF MR. MARCY.

At a late educational festival in New Hampshire, the following incident was related: "Some years ago a teacher, about to open his school in Charlton, heard of one boy who had always made trouble for teachers, and had succeeded in breaking up several schools by his turbulence. The teacher determined to take measures to awaken the boy's conscience, visited his parents, talked with him, and eventually made an impression. At the close of the first day of the school he had occasion to tell the scholar he had been a good boy. The praetorian committee called on him and told him he must turn that boy out, or he would break up the school. The teacher replied that he would give him a fair trial. At the end of the second day, the committee repeated their advice, but the teacher replied that he must and would give the boy a fair trial. The consequence was that disorderly lad became the best scholar in school—and that boy was William L. Marcy, late secretary of State.—And always on his return to his native place he called on his old teacher, Gen. Salem Town, and acknowledged his indebtedness to him for the happy transformation of character which made him what he became."

## CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS.

E. City, August 3d, 1857.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the town of E. City, held this evening, were present W. W. Kennedy, Mayor; S. D. Cartwright, A. L. Jones, Jos. Lawrence and Wm. Shannon, Commissioners. The bill of John C. Ehringhaus referred from the last meeting was taken up and allowed—the amount being \$191.62, ordered that an order for \$111.18 be issued to him bearing interest from this date.

Ordered, that the bill of James B. Wood amount, \$30.75 for paving on Road street, be allowed, when properly corrected by the Mayor.

Ordered, that the bill of W. W. Kennedy for bricks amount, \$77.60 be allowed in two orders.

The bill of Thomas Brothers for earthenware amount, \$3.50, was presented and referred.

The bill of E. S. Nash for lumber furnished in 1855 amount, \$9.88, was presented and referred.

Ordered, that a bill of \$42.37 one-half the cost of paving in front of C. B. Brothers property be made against him by the clerk of the court, out of the bills against Thos. Allen for \$37.24 for one-half cost of paving in front of his property—1½ against the Culpeper heirs for \$6.24, and against Capt. Major Everett for \$8.96, and that he place them in the hands of the Constable for collection.

Mr. A. L. Jones was appointed a Committee of one to ascertain the number of bricks of one kind from the Corporation by J. W. Hunter, Willie Riddick, and W. F. Martin in 1855—and report at next meeting.

Ordered.—That the Constable be instructed to inform Thos. Brothers, Superintendent of the streets, that complaints have been made against him by A. L. Jones and Joseph Lawrence, for neglect of his duty—and that he appear at a meeting of the Corporation on Monday evening next to answer the charges against him.—Ordered.—That an order be issued to John O. Kelly for fifty dollars for the purchase of a piece of land for the use of the Corporation.

The Bill of T. Hunter amount \$75 referred from a previous meeting was allowed.

On motion it was ordered, that from and after August 31 1857, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to drive a cart or any other vehicle through the Market House, or load or drive a horse or mule through the same, or use the same for any other purpose, than for the sale of marketable produce, and every offence-revokable by warrant before the mayor.

Meeting adjourned.

W. W. KENNEDY, Mayor.

CHAS. G. ELLIOTT, Clerk.

## ARRIVALS AT MAGNOLIA SPRINGS.

Mr. Franklin Fordick, L. J. Sister and servant, Norfolk County, Va.; Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Portsmouth, Va.; Miss Maggie O'Brien; M. S. Chambers; A. W. Cassell and wife; Mr. Matthews do; Miss Rosa S. White do; Master James Matthews do; Mr. Nathan Portlock, Norfolk County, Va.; Mr. J. P. Tatum and wife, Princess Anne County, Va.; Mr. L. Woodson do; Miss H. V. Sparrow do; Miss M. A. Patton do; Mr. L. Baskley, Lady, 3 children and servant; Mr. John A. Raper, E. City, Mr. W. B. Reid do.

## MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, 1st, by the Rev. S. H. Morgan, Mr. Wm. H. Williams to Miss Victoria Burr, both of this place.

In Currituck Co., N. C., Aug. 4th, after a illness of three days, John C. Harrison, Esq., in the 76th year of his age.

Dr. Harrison, who for many years, a prominent citizen in the county, and a friend of the integrity of character, his confidence and respect of his fellow citizens. Social, generous, and benevolent, and he was highly respected in his private and public life, and was a community of his fellow citizens.

## NEW YORK MARKETS.

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